

The Brandon Mail.

VOL. 4.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887.

No. 27.

The Weekly Mail

Published every Thursday at 10 o'clock, and will contain the latest news from all parts of the world, and a full and complete list of the Dominion and Provincial elections, and all the news of the day. The price is \$1.00 per year when paid in advance, and \$1.25 when not so paid.

Year.	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos.	1 mo.
Single Copies.	\$1.00	\$70.00	\$40.00	\$20.00
Foreign.	\$1.25	\$85.00	\$45.00	\$25.00
Advertising Rates.				
First Column.	\$1.00			
Second Column.	.75			
Third Column.	.50			
Fourth Column.	.25			
Fifth Column.	.10			

Advertisements are accepted for insertion on the following terms:—For the first insertion, at the rate of \$1.00 per line; for subsequent insertions, at the rate of .75 per line. The price of the paper is \$1.00 per year when paid in advance, and \$1.25 when not so paid.

C. CLIFFE, Editor and Publisher.

LEGAL.

HENDERSON & HENDERSON, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc., 100 Main Street, Brandon.

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WANTED.

TO BUY, cheap, a Second-Hand Phonograph, suitable for an Indian Pony. Apply to Mr. Cliff, Main Office, Brandon, or to Mr. John Horsman, Oak Lake.

WANTED.

A GOOD GIRL, to do General House Work in a small family. Wages Ten Dollars (\$10) per month.—Apply to Mrs. T. E. GREENWOOD, Douglas P.O.

Ho! for Vancouver!

RELIABLE Persons can make big money by handling our Real Estate.

Send references and 50 cents for full information to

TERMINAL CITY LAND OFFICE, Vancouver, B.C.

WE want (100) One Hundred Good Men, to be sent to the FORTITUDIN, to do steady employment and no lost time; liberal commission or salary; best advantages; splendid outfit furnished FREE; any pushing man can succeed.—Apply for terms to

STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.

Brandon Employment Bureau

If you want help, If you want employment, If you want to buy or sell a farm, Apply to

A. C. WELLS & CO.

O LET.

A FEW FURNISHED ROOMS in a Private House, with or without Board, in the healthiest part of the City. Ten minutes walk from Post Office. Apply to A. C. Wells & Co., Main Office.

For Sale Cheap.

1 Moving Machine, 1 Stubble Plow, 1 Side-Spring Buggy.

C. E. MILLER & CO.

MRS. E. CHUBB'S

ICE CREAM

For a real Good Dish of Ice Cream or a Lemonade or any Temperance Drinks,

CHOICEST CONFECTIONERY.

All the Choicest kinds of Fruits.

Cigars, the Havana Pearl Specials, the best Cigars in Canada, and other leading brands.

TOBACCO, THE VERY BEST.

LUNCHES AND MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,

10th Street, South of Ross, Brandon.

C. & D. CASSELS,

FOR ICE CREAM, SODA WATER,

AND LEMONADE.

Cold as Ice, and just as nice.

FANCY BAKERY

AND CONFECTIONERY

FRUIT of all kinds in Season. We have already made arrangements with Eastern and Western Markets for these Lines direct.

He will make a Specialty in

Vegetables & House Plants

ORANGE FLAGS,

BANNERS, &c.

Furnished in first-class style, of the Best Material and Lowest Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES LANG, — Brandon.

Communications sent to the Mail Office will receive prompt attention.

For 10, 11

British Columbia Horses

A dreadful, and what most people think will turn out to be a fatal accident, befell Mr. D. Livingstone, a blacksmith doing business in Elton. On Friday last he was in the city, and was returning in company with Mr. Geddes in a rig drawn by a wild broncho. At some distance out a front wheel dropping into a deep rut, and the broncho starting on the jump, Mr. Livingstone was thrown to the ground between the wheel and the shaft. The fall was so severe that an old rupture Mr. Livingstone received was torn open and other dangerous injuries were inflicted. Mr. Geddes at the time jumped out backward to take care of Mr. Livingstone and received considerable injury himself. In a few minutes, however, Mr. Rider came along with a wagon, and he and Mr. Geddes picked up Mr. Livingstone and brought him to the Central Hotel, where he is being cared for by Drs. Moore and Fleming, and they have but little hope of his recovery. The unfortunate man died at 6 o'clock this morning.

Although all the Winnipeg papers have published a telegram from Wainwright of the Grand Trunk saying the report that their company want a flooding in this country and connection with the R.N.V. road is made out of whole cloth—false in every particular—still they continue to recommend the nuisance as a competitor.

The Nienteth, of Winnipeg, wrested the championship from the Plum Creek Lacrosse team Saturday by taking the first, second and fourth games. It is needless to say the metropolitan papers give two columns each of space to a report of the match.

THOS. HARKNESS, Permanent Address—Campbell & Harkness, Calgary, N.W.T., or Brandon, Man.

Our Goods and Prices Cannot be Beaten.

BRING YOUR CASH AND SEE.

AND SHOES.

WE SELL THE CHEAPEST.

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HORSE LOST.

STRAYED, from the premises of undersigned, a 2 1/2 year old, dark bay horse, with the Presbyterian Plaque at Lake Clement on that day. A reward will be given for information leading to recovery of the animal. Word may be left at the Mail Office, Brandon.

W. E. McCANDLISH.

Engineer Wanted.

To run a Saw Mill at East Portage. A knowledge of blacksmithing is essential. Apply to J. H. Hughes, Brandon, or Kist Portage.

TOWN TOPICS

Mr. Howey is putting an addition to his house on 10th street.

200 Iceland immigrants reached here yesterday, to locate from this city.

The fireworks on the 24th were seen at Plum Creek.

Monday was the first day for shooting snipe and plovers. The birds have been catching it round here ever since.

So many having fallen off, and the funds being to very low, the officers of the Salvation Army are starting a Home. The citizens have signed the subscription list very liberally.

Acting under instructions from the Cornwallis council, Constable Foster has succeeded in breaking up Della's ranch in Grand Valley. The open bee has gone to the States and the other inmates have gone east.

This is the weather for the crops, and cutting will be commenced next week.

At length the government has decided on taking policeman Foster to Winnipeg and replacing him by Constable Huston. Mr. Foster is a good official and an excellent citizen, and will be greatly missed in many circles but more especially by the musical fraternity.

Beak Todd has been elected to a salary of \$100 a year by the city council. That was a desperate stretch of liberality, \$100 to conduct the city business. The treasury ought to grow fat now.

There have been so far this season 30 carloads of horses brought to this city for sale, from Ontario and British Columbia for the most part. At 20 to a carload, this vicinity must be richer than it was last winter by about 100 horses, and poorer in cash or mortgages by about \$100,000.

City Treasurer McMillan is making out the list of back taxes, to be collected by sale. Those owing in 1885 or for any year before it will save money by paying up at once. Those who neglect this warning will have to pay the costs of a sale whether they allow the properties to be sold or not.

On Thursday Dr. Spencer received a telegram from Groszold asking him to go up. On reaching the place he set an arm for a young girl named Harris, which she broke by falling out of a wagon.

Messrs. F. W. Peters and T. B. Munlock are again happy, their wives having returned from the east, where they made long visits.

Mr. Lake, a St. Louis journalist and brother of Mrs. C. Whitehead, was a visitor at the Mail office yesterday. He is in this country in search of health, and is certain to go home a stronger man. Like all other energetic Americans, he is a Canadian-born.

There was many a complaint at the door of the post-office Friday morning, when a notice was read saying the office would not be opened until 11 o'clock on account of the day being a civic holiday. There was no mail from the east Wednesday, and Thursday's was too late to be assorted that night, so business men were practically unable to answer correspondence that with daily service would have reached two days before. Post clerks like others require holidays and should have them, but we know of no reason why the front door of the office should not be open from eight to eight every day, to serve those who have drawers and boxes. This is the case in all the large places of Ontario.

A dreadful, and what most people think will turn out to be a fatal accident, befell Mr. D. Livingstone, a blacksmith doing business in Elton. On Friday last he was in the city, and was returning in company with Mr. Geddes in a rig drawn by a wild broncho. At some distance out a front wheel dropping into a deep rut, and the broncho starting on the jump, Mr. Livingstone was thrown to the ground between the wheel and the shaft. The fall was so severe that an old rupture Mr. Livingstone received was torn open and other dangerous injuries were inflicted. Mr. Geddes at the time jumped out backward to take care of Mr. Livingstone and received considerable injury himself. In a few minutes, however, Mr. Rider came along with a wagon, and he and Mr. Geddes picked up Mr. Livingstone and brought him to the Central Hotel, where he is being cared for by Drs. Moore and Fleming, and they have but little hope of his recovery. The unfortunate man died at 6 o'clock this morning.

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Mr. Somerville, our Brandon dry goods man, went to British Columbia Monday, to open a market for butter, eggs, and some other commodities.

The Ottawa papers are circulating the report the Dominion Government is forcing the Northwest Central to begin operations this fall.

The Rev. Father Robillard has been made a present of a fine carriage horse, by his friends and parishioners. He richly deserves the recognition.

A game of baseball was played yesterday between the married and single men of the city, with N. J. Halpin and G. V. Fraser as captains respectively. The single men came out ahead by a score of 18 to 30.

McGregor's War Cry and a pony driven by a couple of Winnipeg cheap jewelry peddlars had a race on the track Monday for \$20 a side. War Cry raked in Winnipeg's dust.

We would like to know what J. H. Ash-down thought of the Red River Valley railway when he saw it in operation in this city.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

One of those incidents that are surrounded with minglings of pleasure and regret took place in the city yesterday, it being the occasion of the removal of Provincial Policeman Foster from Brandon to Winnipeg.

As soon as it was learned the government had definitely decided to remove him, a few of his friends interviewed one another, and the result was the drafting of the accompanying address and the presentation of a purse containing some \$70. The address was signed by Mayor Adams, W. A. Macdonald, S. H. Bower, R. Powell and many others on behalf of the rest of his friends who are legion in the city.

JOHN K. FOSTER, Esq.

Dear Sir,—Having heard with regret that your official duties necessitate your removal from our city to Winnipeg, we cannot let the occasion pass without expressing our high appreciation of the valuable services rendered in the performance of your arduous and oft unpleasant duties. We regret that circumstances have caused your removal from our midst, and that it will only be temporary, and that you will return to prosecute your labors in the field where they have been prosecuted hitherto with such marked success and ability.

While residing here you have deservedly won the high esteem and good wishes of our law-abiding citizens by your prompt and impartial conduct in the maintenance of law and order in the district assigned to your charge. To your ability as a detective, and your unflinching courage as a peace officer, we are largely indebted for the suppression of the criminal element in our midst.

We have much pleasure in presenting you with this purse as a memento of our great gratitude and esteem, and trust you will accept the same, not on account of its intrinsic value, but with the best wishes of your many friends in the City of Brandon.

Signed CHAS. ADAMS, Mayor, W. A. MACDONALD, R. POWELL, S. H. BOWER.

Brandon, Aug 3, 1887.

The ceremony took place in Mayor Adams' office, and soon as the recipient, who was completely taken by surprise could recover himself he spoke feelingly of the agreeable time he had spent in Brandon, and of the friendly offices of the entire community. The mayor, and Messrs. Macdonald and Todd, P.M., spoke of the great service Mr. Foster had been to the place and of the impartial manner in which he had done his duty, eliciting the warmest feelings of pleasure from all classes of the citizens alike. Mr. Foster will go to Winnipeg in a few days carrying with him the best wishes of all for his future welfare.

CITY COUNCIL.

Monday, August 1, 1887. Present the Mayor, Alds Anderson, Fleming, Hughes, McLaughlin, A. Kelly and Munro.

FROM R. C. WILSON, Toronto, stating that he would supply municipal blank books &c. for \$10.—Referred to finance committee.

FROM Mrs. McCarthy, account for scrubbing and cleaning City Hall and offices, \$9.

FROM J. H. FOSTER, re road across first street bridge, stating that he would fill up the rut, &c., for \$10.—Fried.

FROM Maywood Bros., re account for three months up to August 1st, \$27.—On motion it was ordered to be paid.

FROM Henderson & Co., enclosing an account from Mr. Howey, the lawyer in the appeal, Whistler case, \$55.—Ordered to be paid.

An auctioneer's license was granted to R. J. Naxon.

FROM T. Bennett, re taxes on property for the year 1887.—Referred to city solicitor.

REPORTS.

Finance and assessment committee.—That the following accounts be paid:

L. B. Jones 20 00

J. C. Kerr 19 00

E. G. Wiswell 2 50

That the statement from the Municipal Commissioner of \$1,357.99, due by the city and county of Brandon, be referred to Council.

The Council referred the last statement back to the committee.

A communication from the assessor, re the taxes on the Court House block, be referred to Council.

Official pay sheet, \$341.64.

That Mr. Lockhart be instructed to complete the assessment books according to the assessor's plans.—Report adopted.

BOARD OF WORK.

That accounts of E. J. Barclay, \$40.30; J.

Burds, \$3; F. A. Tamblin, \$10; H. Field, \$15; J. T. Knapp, \$21, be paid.—Report adopted.

DUES AND POLICE.

That account of A. W. Brain, of \$1.36 be paid.

That account of Wilson & Smyth be referred to Council.

That the Poundkeeper's report be not accepted.—Report referred back to the committee.

FIRE, WATER AND LIGHT.

That account of C.P.R. of \$19.42, be paid.—Report adopted.

MOTIONS.

Moved by Kelly, seconded by Munro, That Mrs. Clarke be paid \$5 for cleaning hall.—Carried.

McDermid—Kelly.—That taxes on Court House block for 1887 be cancelled.—Carried.

Anderson—Munro.—That Mr. J. C. Todd, police magistrate, receive the salary of \$300 per annum.

After a hot discussion, Hughes—McDermid—Amendment that the motion be laid over till next meeting.—Lost.

The motion was carried. Yeas, Anderson, Munro, Fleming and the Mayor. Nays,

Brandon Weekly Mail.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887.

HOW IT ACTS.

Common-sense, if he has any of that commodity left in stock, should indicate to T. M. Daly, M.P., the absurdity of making attacks upon the Red River Valley railroad. The unanimous endorsement of the members of the provincial legislature was quite sufficient authority for Mr. Norquay's action, and even if Messrs Daly, Cliffe and two or three other soreheads are not entirely satisfied, what do they expect to gain by kicking? The province has entered into a binding obligation with the contractors for the completion of the entire line, and already thirty-five miles of the road have been graded. This being the case, the exhibition of such mulish tendencies is both unwise and uncalled for.

It is needless to say the foregoing is from that sapient but ever bellicose bull-head, the Winnipeg Sun. After other agencies outbid Sir Donald A. Smith's cheque of \$1,000 for its support, it has, of course, to do something to earn its purchase. No attempt is made to show the coercion of western Manitoba is justifiable, but now that the print thinks the fund has been forced upon us, its only argument is grin and bear it without a murmur. Well, perhaps, the future may develop some way out of the trouble, and we are only waiting the turn of events. To go over the ground again, we put our objections to this liability in a concise form.

1. It is not known whether or not the Red River Valley road, if completed, will be allowed connection with the American systems for practical operation. If not the million dollars so much thrown away, when less than a year's interest on the money would have tested the case before the privy council. The mistake then is in not having made the test before the expenditure was commenced. If the reply was unfavorable the expenditure could have been saved, and if favorable roads would have been built by other companies without a cent of provincial liability, that is if the representations of the friends of the R.R.V. are to be relied on.

2. The competition alleged to be secured by the R.R.V. road cannot be obtained as the inter-state law forbids it.

3. If then the R.R.V. fails as an outlet to competition, it fails in every particular. It is of no service as a colonization road as it traverses a section already served by two other lines and the R.R.V. if built to Portage la Prairie, Austin station or some other point on the C.P.R., though failing as an outlet to competition, would serve as a colonization road by passing through a country that is badly in need of a railway. Winnipeg's selfishness, backed by some Jackal prints, could not, however, allow such a thing to prevail.

4. We object further because the road, even if built and operated in connection with the American roads, giving all the competition the inter-state law, or any other law will permit, will give no benefits to the west, as all parties agree no competing roads can be built in the added territory because of the C.P.R. contract.

5. If the road gave all the competition to Winnipeg, its friends claim it would give, this would offer no service to the west, as the C.P.R. local rates from Winnipeg to any point west, either for exports or imports, added to the competing rates from Winnipeg would cost fully equal the through rates now in vogue from all western points to the eastern provinces.

6. Look at the scheme then as you may, it is but an artifice to better the condition of those living in the mudhole 140 miles to the east, and it is not a piece of the most consummate chicanery for a paper laying claim to respectability, to ensure any western man for exerting an effort to free the people from this state of affairs?

It is not a question of monopoly or no monopoly with us in the west, it is one of freeing ourselves of a debt forced upon us without consultation, for the sole purpose of helping the land sharks and plundering jobbers of Winnipeg out of their troubles at the expense of a victimized people in the west.

COMMERCIAL UNION.

Commercial union is a subject that is now absorbing much of the attention of the Federal press. In general terms it means that all customs houses between Canada and the United States should be abolished, and that trade should go on unrestricted between both countries the same as if the provinces of Canada were States of the whole territory as one union. The Grit papers appear to be the keenest for it, but how they can advocate it in the face of the arguments they advanced when the N.P. was about to be introduced, is something we do not pretend to understand. At that time many of the organs and the organists declared that placing such high duties against imports from Great Britain meant legislation against the mother country altogether, and would be the means of forcing her to retaliate. That because we increased our duties against her productions it would be the means of causing her to tax our wheat and other surplus products, and thus reduce their value to us. If that argument is sound then the removing of all American duties and having unrestricted trade with the States would occasion almost the complete destruction of importation from the mother country instead of the partial under the N.P. This, then, would increase manifold the probabilities of England's discrimination against our exports, not only occasion their utter barring out altogether. We have not advanced the argument—it was raised at first by the Grits, and would only in meaning be intensified under present clamor for commercial union.

There is, however, one objection to such relations—the Americans would draw off all our raw materials and manufacture them in their own centres where the industries are already established, and this would reduce the centres at home. The removal of duties would of course enable us to have cheaper fruits of American growth and cheaper manufactures in many lines, but certainly dearer ones in others that are now readily produced in this country. As we would not then have the consuming population at our own doors, many articles of agriculture valuable to the farmer, but bulky in proportion to value, could not be produced at all, and the country would suffer the loss of their production. It could not raise the price of wheat, as we would in any event have a surplus for export.

Besides this losing our customs duties, paid largely by the wealthier classes on high priced fancy goods, a direct taxation which would fall more heavily upon the poorer classes, would have to be resorted to, to meet the expenses of governing the country, which the abolition of border customs houses would not materially reduce. The subject is an extensive and complicated one and requires weighty and careful consideration at the hands of all.

It appears the results of the banquet to Mr. Daly do not please the local Grit print, and this is something to be wondered at. As the entertainment was gotten up for the express purpose of giving satisfaction to the Grit organ, its management must have been laid when the proceedings grated so unpleasantly upon the nervous system of our contemporary. Besides, as it is nearly always pleased with what the Conservatives do, even to the election of four out of the five representatives of the province, it is a matter for deep regret the banquet has not given better satisfaction. We do not consider it worth while following all its moanings from their fountain head to their emptying into the great sea of despair. Suffice it then to notice one accusation, namely, that Mr. Daly so far forgot good taste as to make a personal attack upon Mr. Christie, the defeated Schalk. We do not consider it our duty to become Mr. Daly's champion, but nevertheless we like to see fair play, and must give this accusation a flat denial. Mr. Daly simply wanted to remove a burden from his shoulders in connection with the Northwest Central, which the Grits, for political effect, were endeavoring to place there. He is charged with negligence in connection with that project, and he explained he simply went according to instructions. He got all the assurance a man could get, the company were going on with the road and knew their \$35,000 deposit was liable to forfeiture if they did not commence operations at once. He also said that Mr. Christie had been at Ottawa a few days before, and after making all the enquiry he could make, he too left Ottawa fully convinced the representations of the company were bonafide, and he so represented at the public meeting that gave him (Daly) his instructions. If, then, he had been deceived, so had Mr. Christie been deceived; and as if himself and Mr. Christie were to exchange places as to representation, Mr. Christie would do what he had done, no blame could attach to him as a representative that would not attach to Mr. Christie also, in his shoes. This is all Mr. Daly said about Mr. Christie, and the man must be a veritable hypocrite indeed who construes it into a personal attack. But drowning men will catch at straws to the end of time.

Mr. Bailey's paper at Rapid City, speaking of an interview its editor had with Mr. Baker, of the M. & N. W. road, says: "The offer of this company to build the road to Brandon this fall, Mr. Baker said it was one that would not be repeated. Brandon had deliberately chosen to support a company that had never kept a promise, and refused connection with a road owned by a company in every way reliable, and which always had honorably kept its word."

To this that amicable point, the Winnipeg Sun, says: "We trust that Mr. Baker's view may not prove to be the correct one, but should it be otherwise the Brandon people may thank T. M. Daly, M.P., for their misfortune, as he was mainly instrumental in thwarting the Saskatchewan and Western (or M. & N. W.) project."

All along we have been told, as an offset to our portion of the cost of the Red River Valley, we in the west were to have a line built from Rapid City to Brandon "to give us competition," but when the Sun is forced to tell the truth it has to admit the dodge has only been resorted to to cover the intentions of the Winnipeg lars. If the Red River road was going to give Brandon connection with the M. & N. via Rapid City, would it not have been the wisest absurdity for Mr. Daly to have taken the matter into a calculator at all. The circumstance are either the reference to Mr. Baker is for political effect, or the representations as to competition in the west through the Red River Valley were designed to cloak a fraud, and the Sun can take whichever horn it desires to sit on.

Pat and the Fog Horn scribbles for are very reticent about the R.R.V. railway these times. For a few days after Robinson sold his party, body and bones, for the promise of a few suckers out of C. P. Brown's millpond, to be fed by a Martin-Greenway brooklet, they were loud in their praise of what the new combination was going to do for the province. When the combine liquified before Glass's speakership up cropper the R.R.V. Into this Robinson and Kirchhoffer plunged like heroes, and they were eulogized beyond all measure by Pat and the Fog Horn for their patriotism. Now, again, however, the tool and the tool chest find the twin representatives jumped into the River Styx instead of the Jordan and are now past all hope of redemption. The scene is again changed, and now they have taken up commercial union, a subject it is needless to say, on which they are extremely well posted.

The Farmer, a newspaper published at St. Paul, says "the farmers of the U.S. hard wheat belt, north of the 40th parallel, are looking eagerly for the Hudson Bay railway and navigation as a road by which their No. 1 hard wheat may reach the English market." Exactly: the Americans, who have a trial of the "competition" the Grits and their dopes want for Manitoba, are crying out for relief through the only channel that can give it. Our Local Government, however, that should be going on with a scheme for genuine competition, the Hudson Bay Railway, are catering to the Grits in their effort to flog mud at the Federal Government to gain political advantage. This is how the game is going on.

The Grits of Renfrew have taken up Duncan McIntyre, late of the C.P.R., as their candidate, and he says he is fully in accord with the Government on their railway and trade policy. This is the kind of cloth Grits are made of anyway. They denounce Mr. Scarth for possessing C.P.R. monopoly privileges, though he voted and did all he could in committee to have that monopoly abolished, and they censure Mr. Daly on the same score, although he not only voted but also spoke against the policy. At the same time the Grits of Manitoba, through the Free Press, tried to elect Sir Donald A. Smith, one of the C.P.R. company itself, for the seat Mr. Scarth occupies, and now their brethren in Ontario, urged on by the cheers of the Manitoba contingent, are trying to select a gentleman who enforces not only the C.P.R. monopoly, but the N.P. besides. Did ever mortal see such a boiling of kindred comestibles as Gritism is anyway?

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 25.—The Interstate Commerce Commission dismissed the case of Theodor, of Schenectady, N.Y., versus the Pittsburg Railroad company, on the ground that no evidence was given proving that the charges were excessive or in violation of the law. The case of the St. Louis wholesale grocers demanding that mileage tickets be sold to commercial travellers at less prices than to others, was dismissed on the ground that the entire policy of the Interstate Commerce law is against such discriminations. The car-load and less than car-load case, was not decided, as New York merchants desire to be heard upon it. In the case of Louis Larriou vs. the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway and other roads, charging that they refused to sell him a thousand mile ticket at the same rates as they sell to commercial travellers, the decision was rendered that no such refusal was in conflict with the act to regulate commerce. The opinion by Mr. Morrison in which all concur. In the Burton stock car case, the opinion was expressed that the rate charged the car company for transportation of their cars and stock, contained therein, are probably unreasonable, but the matter is referred to the Western Classification Committee. The case is retained by the Commissioners for further consideration.

If, then, the Inter-State law is forcing such high railway rates in the States as to lead to litigation in every quarter, where can be the object of connecting the Red River Valley Railway with roads subject to its control, to secure competition with the C.P.R. in Canada? Will some of the advocates of the scheme give us the proper answer?

A GOOD OFFER.

Dear Sir,—As I understand the Dominion Government will shortly locate the Post Office building in this city, I take the opportunity of stating that I will give a clear deed of fifty feet frontage on Rosser Avenue, by 420 feet in depth, situated between 5th and 6th street, gratis, or I will give on the same terms fifty feet on Rosser, corner 5th street, on condition the Government erect a good Post Office thereon.

I may say that I think this is the most central location that the Government can obtain for this purpose, and one that will be satisfactory to the majority of the people, being convenient to the proposed market, city hall, elevators, &c.

I hope the Government may see their way to accept my offer, and give us what they may save on the purchase of a site in a better building and one that may be an ornament to the city. It is to be hoped that whoever has the location of the site will not be induced to give boom prices to parties who are anxious to unload their property, bought during the inflation of 1881-2, and that there may be no opportunity given to the Grits to call the location of the Brandon Post Office "a joke."

J. J. PARKER.

Brandon, 1st Aug., 1887.

THE CIVIC HOLIDAY.

An Excellent Programme and a Day of Good Sport.

When the average Brandonite awoke on Friday morning and looking out the window saw the down-pour of rain there was many a disappointed countenance, but fortunately all became changed in a few hours, the rain ceased, the clouds rolled back and about 10 o'clock old Sol appeared in all his festive glory. Then the programme of sports as announced began. The calithumpian procession, marshalled by Capt. Wastie, wearing all the medals he had won on previous similar exploits, and riding one of George Fraser's bronchos. Next followed the City Band under the able leadership of Mr. Cope. Next came the Darktown Fire Brigade in all their pristine glory—a huge leaky sprinkling cart, the time-honored hook and ladder appliances, and the brigade in full costume dancing on an open day to the elegant strains of Sam Smoot's violin. Next came the Red River Valley Railway, the engine consisting of an old threshing engine led by a lame horse and a yoke of very tired oxen, driven and fired by Greenway and Norquay respectively, with the Winnipeg Sun chap Macnee, of *the sports* for train men, and Joe Martin for company's solicitor, J. H. Brock acting as station agent—Hazelton station, the whole bearing the inscription "no connection," and surrounded by an army of soldiers led by W. F. Laxton as mental protector. To fetch up the rear male and female Brodignagnans and Liliputians strode along on stunts adding glory and lustre to the form of the already famous situation. As fortune would have it Mr. J. H. Ashdown of Winnipeg, who was detailed to speak to the Grits of the local board of trade the previous evening, but was unable to do so on account of the interest of the train, was present and was permitted to witness the exhibition without fee or charge. Next came a genuine White Elephant made to order and consisting of an old mule with a white cloth cut and sewed to form, and the whole padded out to form on the living creature walked. Next came a gang of redskins on their famous canoes, followed by the usual allowance of street gamblers, Fat Murphy and his leg horn bringing up the rear. It was a "great day for Ireland and no mistake."

At two o'clock the baseball clubs struck in and as there were four clubs present they played by couples to get at the better two for a final struggle. The Elton Ploughboys and the Brandon club in five innings had a score of 14 to 7. This left the fight between the Oak Leaves and the home team. The latter were cleaned out in a score of 41 to 9, but with no discredit to them when the circumstances are considered. Made up as they were the Oak Leaves were assuredly the best team in the province, their pitcher and catcher were professionals and imported as also were a couple more of the remainder, from Plum Creek, but even the resident Oak Leaves are good players, and of themselves would have done good work. Of the home men James Fraser, Matheson, Casels, and in fact all the men made good playing, and under proper practice would have given a good account of themselves. A fighting team cannot be expected in a few hours practice.

Directly after this the programme of races, etc., was carried out, with the following results:

First race, amateur, 100 yards—1st, Campbell; 2nd, Fall.
100 yards, open to all-comers—1st, Moffat; 2nd, Winstanley.
Boys, 16 years and under, 100 yards—1st, Bower; 2nd, Mitchell.
100 yards, open to residents of the Central and Western Judicial Districts—1st, McLean; 2nd, Lowes.
100 yards, boys under 12—1st, Johnston; 2nd, Grey.
300 yards, open to all-comers—1st, Moffat; 2nd, Winstanley.
440 yards, open to Brandon fire department for silver medal—1st, Fullbrooker; 2nd, Spring.
330 yards, open to residents of the Central and Western Judicial Districts—1st, Lowes; 2nd, McLean.
100 yards, open to all-comers—1st, Reid; 2nd, Winstanley; Moffat gave out.
Fat men's race, open to all over 224 lb.—1st, McGregory; 2nd, Kirchhoffer; Woodhead would have won, but could not get started.
440 yards, open to residents of the Central and Western Judicial Districts—1st, Lowes; 2nd, Campbell.
300 yards, hurdle race—1st, McLean; 2nd, Moffat.
13th event—tug of war, Brandon vs. "the World"—as the "World" did not turn up Brandon claims the championship, about the only thing the can boast of now.
After this a lively chase was witnessed, when about a dozen Indians were chasing the greased pig. In the evening a grand display of fireworks was given, and everybody was thoroughly pleased with the manner in which the day's fun passed off.

SCOURIS.

On Thursday last, Mr. McCulloch, of the firm of Goldie & McCulloch, of Galt, Ont., came on a visit to his brother at Plum Creek. They made a tour to Rapid City and were very much delighted at that place. The visitor is also much pleased with Plum Creek. He was also delighted to see such a fine farming country and so fine a mill as ours, situated on the bank of the Plum Creek and Souris River.

On Saturday last, our townsmen, Mr. McCulloch left for Galt. We learn that he has gone for a visit and to bring, on his return, his wife and family, to enjoy good health at his home. He has as fine a home as there is in this country. We wish him a jubilee visit, a safe return.

On Saturday last a number of Brandon gentlemen made a visit to Plum Creek, which they enjoyed very much, and took in the size, length and breadth up and down the creek in a canoe. They were sorry to see our boys beaten in the lacrosse match, which lasted about thirty-five minutes, and hope they will do better next time.

A Valuable Discovery.

F. P. Tanner, of Neboing Ont., says he has not only found R.R.R. a sure cure for dyspepsia, but he has also found it to be the best medicine for regulating and improving the system that he has ever taken. R.R.R. is the great system regulator.

2200 worth of MUSIC FOR 100

Send in \$1.00 and we will mail you **NORTH'S PHILA. MUSICAL JOURNAL** for one year. We give every subscriber 2200 worth of sheet music selected from the best of the year, and publish in the Journal 2200 worth of music for \$1.00. The Journal is published monthly and contains instructive articles, the guidance of teachers and pupils, interesting musical stories, and a complete list of musical stores from all over the world, and **Sixteen pages** of new music in each issue, making it the most valuable publication of the kind in existence. Do not fail to subscribe at once.

Address, **F. A. NORTH & CO.**, No. 1308, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

F. A. NORTH & CO., 1308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. **Send for the Musical Line** **Send for the Musical Line**. All the European and American Music Books, and the best known Music Stores on liberal terms. Catalogue and on application. Mention this paper.



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Post Office General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon on Friday, the 15th July, 1887, for the contract of carrying the mails, on proposed contract for the month of August, from the 1st August until the 31st August. The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle via Nelson.

The mails to leave Montreal on Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:30 a.m. Arrive at Montreal at 12 noon. In the same days at 4 p.m. per after arrival at Montreal, within four and a half hours.

Printed notices containing further information to conditions of proposed contract may be seen at the Post Office General, at the Post Office at Montreal, and at the Post Office at Ottawa.

W. W. McLEOD, Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Ottawa, 15th July, 1887.



MAIL CONTRACT.

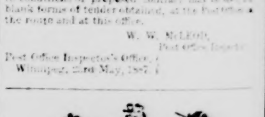
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Notice to Contractors.

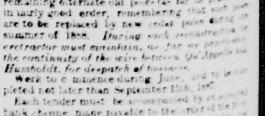
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W. W. McLEOD, Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Ottawa, 15th July, 1887.



A GENTLEMAN.

Having been cured of Nervous Prostration, Seminal Weakness, Premature Decay, and all evil effects of early intemperance, and of a fall folly, is anxious to make known to the simple mode of self-cure. To those who wish and will give him their sympathy, he will send (free) by return mail a copy of his recipe so successfully used in his case.

Address in confidence, James W. Fisk, Cedar St., N. Y.

Departments of Public Works, Ottawa, 15th July, 1887.

Worth Remembering.

Mrs. T. Don, of Harrietsville, Ont., was for a long time troubled with neuralgia of the stomach. Failing to find benefit from physicians, she tried Burdock Blood Bitters, from which she found speedy relief, to which she attributes, hoping it may prove beneficial to others. Many physicians recommend B.B.B.

Weather Probabilities.

It is probable that in the breaking up of winter we shall have much damp sloppy weather, when rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and other painful complaints will prevail. Haggard's Yellow Oil is the popular household remedy for external and internal rheumatic power is truly wonderful.



Tenders for a License to Cut Timber
in Dominion Lands in the Province of British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Deputy of the Minister of the Interior, and marked "Timber License," will be received at this office until noon Monday, the 5th day of August, 1885, for the right to cut timber on the Crown Lands in the Province of British Columbia.

The position approximately of the timber lands is shown on the map which is attached to the tender form, and is to be obtained at this Department, or from the Crown Timber Office at Winnipeg, Calgary, or from the Crown Timber Office at Vancouver, British Columbia.

JOHN R. HALL,
Acting Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,
Ottawa, 4th July, 1885.

CARD OF THANKS.

THE undersigned, in acknowledgement of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, for the kind and efficient service rendered by them in the recent fire at the residence of the undersigned, in this City.

FARMERS ATTENTION!

It is now the only
ALL STEEL BINDER
SOLD IN BRANDON,
Canada by the **BRANDON MFG. CO'S**
OLD STAND.
WE CAN SELL YOU A
Mower and Rake
25 per cent. Cheaper than any
other Firm.
WE KEEP REPAIRS
on all Mfg. Co's Goods, Jags,
Covers, Chains, &c. &c. &c. &c.
First CLASS
SEWING MACHINES
On Hand.
Everything we Sell is Guaranteed.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Call and see the American Binding Binders.
Stock taken in Exchange
Yours,
SMITH & SHIRRIFF.

Use **Doctor Roberge's**
HOOF EXPANDER
Wound Cures, Corns, Contractions,
Quarter-Cracks, &c.

It is the best invention for expanding a contracted hoof, or keeping a sound foot in its natural shape.
It is used and approved by the leading horse men of the New York Driving Park, such as Mr. Rogers, Frank Work, and hundreds of other gentlemen of repute.
It is sold with diagram of foot, with price.
It will be forwarded free by mail.
Price, \$2; 2 Pairs, \$3; 4 Pairs, \$5.
R. ROBERGE, VETERINARY SURGEON.
141 Broadway, New York.
Also in use and for Sale by
Wm. WILSON, Blacksmith, BRANDON.

Aslum, Me., July 12, 1885.
The Editor of the "Weekly Mail,"—Dear Sir,—Will you please send me by letter whether or not you have used the Maud S. Hoof Expander, so called, and by Roberge, D.V.S., No. 1741 Broadway, N.Y. He says Maud S. wore a shoe on her hind foot all last winter with perfect ease.
Very respectfully yours,
S. H. LOVEJOY.
Mr. Don, 67.

I have used the Roberge Hoof Expander on Maud S. and other Horses with perfect success. It is an excellent instrument for expanding the hoof when properly applied.
ROBERT BONNER.

PREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.
Important to take. Contains their own
formula, safe, strong, and effective.

The Blazing Sun of the Exhibition Sky!
Outsplendoring and Obliterating ALL PAST RECORDS.
Most positively the only Tented Show that will visit BRANDON this Season.

Two unprecedented, Complete Exhibitions, Rain or Shine, at
BRANDON,
MONDAY, AUGUST 8th.

The World's Greatest and Most Famous Talented Aggregation!
S. H. BARRETT'S
New United Monster Shows!

Great 3-Ring Circus! Enormous Managerie!
HUGE THEATRE STAGE! WORLD'S MUSEUM!
CLASSIC RACING CARNIVAL AND JO-JO!

An Unparalleled Centralization of the
WORLD'S ILLUSTRIOUS ARENIC METEORS!
200 Phenominal Champions! 80 Matchless & Dazzling Acts!

Glorious and Stupendous Foreign Acquisitions:
DONALD MCKENZIE'S FAME CROWNED SCOTCH ATHLETES!
NUBAR HASSAN'S NOTED ARABIAN CIRCUS!
THE ROYAL VEDDO JAPANESE CIRCUS!
THE JUST ADDED EUROPEAN VAUDEVILLE COMBINATION!

3 Big Rings, a Magnificent Theatre Stage, and a Grand Racing Circuit, that blaze with an Uninterrupted Succession of Marvellous and Perilous Feats!

Notably and Triumphantly Reinforced this Season with the Old World's Most Startling Human Phenomenon, the **Czar's Own Fatted and Pampered Prodigy—**

JO-JO, THE DOG-FACED RUSSIAN BOY!!!

A DOGG-HEAD-NO-A-BOYS-BODY

JO-JO

A BRIGHT-BOY-WITH-A-DOGG-FACE

The Human Skye-Terrier!
An Unsolved Mystery and Sensation of Two Continents!

Beyond all question, Jo Jo is the most extraordinary and absolutely interesting curiosity that has ever reached these shores.—New York Herald.

A Playful, Brown Eyed, Dog-Faced Boy—Covered with Silken Hair from head to foot!—A Prodigious Intellect Veiled behind the visage of a Dog—Four Languages issuing from Canine Lips!—No Picture can portray—No Pen describe him!

Your Only Chance to See JO-JO—He COMES NO MORE.
By Command of the Czar he Returns to St. Petersburg at an Early Day.

SUMPTUOUS AND SOUL-STIRRING
REVIVAL of the IMPERIAL ROMAN HIPPODROME!

40 English and Kentucky Thoroughbreds!—Professional Jockeys and Drivers!—Historically correct Appointments!—Longest and Grandest Racing Circuit under Canvas!

Reproduction of the Olympian Games.
THRILLING BROADSWORD COMBATS on Horseback,

VIVID AND REALISTIC REPRESENTATIONS OF
LIFE IN THE "WILD WEST"
Monster Gathering of Famous Scouts, Cowboys, Indians and Bucking Bronchos.

3 Times the Most Stupendous Managerie!
Ever Gathered and Exhibited Under Tents!

Huge Two-Horned Black Rhinoceros, the Sole Specimen on this Continent!—Only Group of Lively Giant Giraffes!—Priceless Prince of Almost Snow-White Camels.—Rapid Extinguish Hippopotami—Only Nursing Baby Elephant—Living Formidable Deep-sea Monsters—Plumaged Beauties from Every Clime on the Face of the Globe.—Fifty Cages of Rare and Costly Wild Beasts.

GREATEST, GRANDEST, AND
BEST TRAINED HERD OF ELEPHANTS EXTANT!
Including "Bismark" and "Gino," the Colossal, All-Overshadowing Central Figures of their Race, and "Doc" and "Ben Butler," the Reducing, Precocious Expedition Giants.

Every Morning at Ten o'clock
Passing through the Streets of the Cities where we are to exhibit, will be seen the Most Glorious Pageant that ever Delighted Human Vision! An Unmistakable Line of Gorgeous Pomp and Solid Splendor—Unapproachable and Indescribable—Worth coming 100 miles to witness.

ADMISSION to the Entire Combined Shows, As Usual; Children under Nine years of Age Half Price.
NO EXTRA CHARGE TO SEE JO-JO.

Two Exhibitions Daily. Doors open at 1 and 7 p.m.
PERFORMANCES BEGIN AN HOUR LATER.

Cheap Excursions on all Railroads. See Station Agents for Particulars.
PORTAGE, Saturday, August 6. WINNIPEG, Tuesday, August 9th.

WOODLEY & NEUMEYER,
LATE BRANDON BREWING COMPANY,
SPRING BREWERY,
BRANDON, MANITOBA.

Brewers of the Celebrated India Pale Ale, Imperial Stout
Noted XX Porter, in Casks or Bottles.
Also HARVEST BEER, at Rock Bottom Prices

Call and See the
BARGAINS
AT THE
MAIL BOOK STORE

ENVELOPES,
NOTE PAPER,
AND
GENERAL STATIONERY,
AT A
TRIFLE OVER WHOLESALE PRICES.

ROSE & CO.
MONSERRAT LIME JUICE,
A Cooling and Refreshing Drink for Summer.
ROSE'S ESS. RENNETT
Makes Curds, Custards, &c., &c. A Cool Dish for Summer.
ROSE'S CONDITION POWDERS,
Use them, and get the Horses ready for the Hard Work of Summer.
ROSE'S QUININE WINE,
A Fine, Invigorating Tonic, made from Pure Wine.
ROSE'S LAVENDER WATER,
A Most Refreshing Perfume.
ROSE & COMPANY,
ROSSER AVE. BRANDON.

\$1000 REWARD
For unscrupulous dealers who sell an inferior Oil and call it Lardine.

USE NONE BUT
McCOLL'S LARDINE OIL
For your Machinery. It has no equal. Will not gum, equals Sweet or Castor Oil.
Also Challenge, Eureka and Amber, Heavy F
Lard Oil, Bolt Cutting, Harness Oil and Axle Oil
ALWAYS IN STOCK.
McCOLL BROS. Manufacturers of Lard

FOR SALE BY:
JOHNSON & CO. and WILSON
BRANDON, MAN.

BANKRUPT STOCK!

The Largest ever Offered in Brandon!

The Entire Stock of the Estate of

BOWER, BLACKBURN & PORTER,

Is now offered to the Public, at

STRAIGHT BANKRUPT PRICES.

The various Lines consist of

- Dry Goods
- Groceries,
- Boots and Shoes,
- Hats and Caps,
- Gents' Furnishings,
- Ready Made Clothing,
- Hardware,
- Crockeryware,
- Glassware,
- Stationery,
- Tinware,
- Cordage,
- &c., &c.

The Public have been surfeited with *tall talk* as to the price at which goods can be bought in Brandon. We shall therefore do no "blowing," but beg respectfully to invite all intending purchasers, before spending money elsewhere, to call at the OLD STAND, Cor. 10th St. and Pacific Ave., and satisfy themselves that no other House can compete with us in Brandon or out of Brandon.

S. H. BOWER,
Agent.

T. T. ATKINSON

Going to Stay UNTIL JANUARY.

I leave for the East to-day, to make Fall purchases for the Fall and Winter Trade, and in the meantime will continue to Sell all

SUMMER BOOTS & SHOES

AT ACTUAL COST PRICE.

Not being able to dispose of my business, I am compelled to continue until the Stock is Reduced, and will Sell present Goods, as stated, at Cost.

A FULL LINE OF
GROCERIES, &c.

AT LOWEST FIGURES.

INSPECTION & COMPARISON Solicited

T. T. ATKINSON,
Brandon Boot Store,
ROSSER AVE.

HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are precious.

THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Boasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds.
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,
78, NEW OXFORD STREET (late 531 OXFORD STREET), LONDON.
And are sold at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. 6d., and 15s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 531, Oxford St., London, they are spurious.

BLOOD BITTERS
Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Eclampsia, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Borels.

To All Who Intend Building

WE draw your special attention to the new FACTORY that has been fitted up, with a complete set of Woodworking Machinery. We are now prepared to promptly fill all orders on the shortest notice. We will constantly keep on hand a stock of Doors, Sash, Frames, Mouldings, Turnings, Scroll Sawing & Brackets made to order. Don't forget the place—South of Rosser Ave., Tenth Street. Hoping to receive a liberal share of your patronage, we are,
FORBES & SUTHERLAND.

Auction Sale!

AT THE
BRANDON REPOSITORY,
Wednesday, Aug. 17, 1887.

Of Horses, Horned Stock, Pigs, Poultry, Rolling Stock and Implements of every description.
These sales take place only on the third Wednesday of every month.
Some of the best Farms in the neighborhood for Sale, cheap, and on reasonable terms.
CHAS. FILLING, Auctioneer.

This is the first time any advertising has been done on my account.

I try to get a
Fair Profit.

I never profess to
SELL GOODS
FOR
Less Than Cost.

I came here to get a living, and you who wish more must go elsewhere.
W. H. Hooper.

MEDICAL HALL,
Rosser Ave. - Brandon.

Halpin's Sarsaparilla,
for the Blood and Skin Diseases so prevalent at this season of the year.
A SURE REMEDY.

Halpin's Hair Promoter
restores the effect of Aftershave Water on the Hair.

HALPIN'S HORSE AND CATTLE REMEDIES
for prompt relief.

Physicians' Prescriptions
by a Dispensing Chemist.

N. J. HALPIN,
CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,
BRANDON, MAN.

EXCELSIOR,

the Most of the
BRIDGE ORGAN COY.

The Instrument is made in the most skillful manner, from the best material that

BRIDGE ORGAN
ELEGANT IN DESIGN

ABLE TO PLAY in every part.
The company's reputation is that no inferior instrument will be made. They have now been making nearly three years, and always give a five year warranty with each organ.
These call on our agent.

MR. JOHN ROSS,
BRANDON,

will be pleased to show you some of our organs.

BRIDGE ORGAN MFG. CO.,
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Clydesdale Stallions.



WILLIAM imported from Scotland
over 100 lbs. weight, will be found at
10th St. and Rosser Ave., Brandon.
He was bred by James Allan, when you
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MR. HALL has leaves his own
Clydesdale stallion, Monday morn-
ing, at 10th St. for night, thence
to 10th St. for night Tuesday,
10th St. for night, then to 10th St.
for night, then to 10th St. for night.
A. Donaldson's
Clydesdale stallion, Johnstone's, Bran-
don, will be at 10th St. until Sunday
morning, then to 10th St. for night, then
to 10th St. for night, then to 10th St.
for night, then to 10th St. for night.
J. E. SMITH.

PIMPLES. I will mail (free) on
receipt of a 2 cent stamp, a bottle of
WILLIAMS' VEGETABLE
PILLS FOR
PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS, ETC.

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for PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS, ETC.

WILLIAMS' VEGETABLE PILLS
for PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS, ETC.

WILLIAMS' VEGETABLE PILLS
for PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS, ETC.

from the heart. "Listen! I love you, Bessie! I have loved you for three years. Every time I have seen you I have loved you more. Don't say me nay—you don't know how I love you. I dream of you every night; sometimes I dream that I hear your dress rustling, and then you come and kiss me, and it is like being in heaven."

"Here Bessie makes a gesture of disgust. "There, I have offended you, but don't be angry with me. I am very rich, Bessie; there is the place here, and then I have four farms in Lydenburg and 10,000 morgen up in Waterberg, and 1,000 head of cattle, besides sheep and horses and money in the bank. You shall have everything your own way," he went on, seeing that the inventory of his goods did not appear to impress her—"everything—the house shall be English fashion; I will build a new six-room sitting room, and it shall be furnished from Natal. There, I love you, I say. You won't say no, will you?" and he caught her by the hand.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Muller," answered Bessie, snatching away her hand; "but in short, I cannot marry you. No, it is no use, I cannot, indeed. There, please say no more, here comes my uncle. Forget all about it, Mr. Muller."

Her uncle looked up; there was old Silas Croft coming, strong enough, but it was some way off and walking slowly.

"Do you mean it?" he said beneath his breath.

"Yes, yes, of course I mean it. Why do you force me to repeat it?"

"It is that d-d rooibosje!" he broke out. "You used not to be like this before. Curse him, the white-livered Englishman! I will be even with him yet; and I tell you what it is, Bessie; you shall marry me whether you like it or no."



"YOU SHALL MARRY ME!" like it or no. Look here, do you think I am the sort of man to play with? You go to Wakkerstroom and ask what sort of a man Frank Muller is. See, I want you—I must have you. I could not live if I thought that I should never get you for myself. And I tell you I will do it. I don't care if it costs my life, and your rooibosje, too. I'll do it if I have to stir up a revolt against the government. There, I swear it by God or by the devil, it's all one to me!" And growing inarticulate with passion, he stood there before her clenching and unclenching his great hand, and his lips trembling.

Bessie was very frightened; but she was a brave woman, and rose to the occasion. "If you go on talking like that," she said, "I shall call my uncle. I tell you that I will not marry you, Frank Muller, and that nothing shall ever make me marry you. I am very sorry for you, but I have not changed my mind, and I will never marry you—never!"

He stood for half a minute or so looking at her, and then burst into a savage laugh. "I think that some day or other I shall find a way to make you," he said, and turning, went without another word.

A couple of minutes later Bessie heard the sound of a horse galloping and looking up saw her uncle's powerful form vanishing down the vista of blue gums. Also she heard somebody crying out as though in pain at the back of the house, and went to relieve her mind from anything else, went to see what it was. By the stable door she found the Hottentot Jantje, twisting round and round and shrieking and cursing, holding his hand to his side, from which the blood was running.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Baas Frank!" he said—"Baas Frank hit me with his whip!"

"The brute!" said Bessie, the tears starting into her eyes with anger.

"Never mind, missie, never mind," said the Hottentot, his ugly face growing livid with fury, "it is only one more to me. I cut it out of this stick!" and he held up a long, thick stick he carried, on which were several notches, starting from three deep ones at the top just below the knob. "Let him look out sharp! let him search the grass—let him creep round the bush—let him look as he will, one day he will find Jantje, and Jantje will find him!"

"Why did Frank Muller gallop away like that?" asked her uncle of Bessie when she got back to the veranda.

"We had some words," she answered, shortly, not seeing the use of explaining matters to the old man.

"Ah, indeed, indeed. Well, be careful, my love. It'll be to quarrel with a man like Frank Muller. I've known him for many years, and he has a black heart when he is crossed. You see, my love, you can deal with a Boer and you can deal with an Englishman, but cross bred dogs are bad to handle. Take my advice and make it up with Frank Muller."

All of which sage advice did not tend to raise Bessie's spirits, which were already sufficiently low.

CHAPTER V.

DREAMS AND FOOLISHNESS.

When John Niel left Bessie on the veranda at the approach of Frank Muller he had taken his gun, and, having whistled to the pointer dog Pontac, mounted his shooting pony and started out in quest of partridges. On the warm slopes of the hills round Wakkerstroom a large species of partridge is very abundant, especially in the patches of red grass in which they are sometimes clothed. It is a merry sound to hear these partridges calling from all directions just after day-break, and one to make the heart of every true sportsman rejoice exceedingly. On leaving the house John proceeded up the side of the hill behind his pony picking its way carefully between the stones, and the dog Pontac ranging about 200 or 300 yards off, for in this sort of country it is necessary to have a dog within a wide range. Presently John

denly stiffen out as if he had been petrified, and made the best of his way toward him. Pontac stood still for a few seconds, and then slowly and deliberately veered his head round, as though it worked on a hinge, to see if his master were coming. John knew his ways. Three times would that remarkable old dog look round thus, and if the gun had not then arrived he would to a certainty run in and flush the birds. This was a rule that he never broke, for his patience had a fixed limit. On this occasion, however, John arrived before it was reached, and, jumping off his pony, cocked his gun and marched slowly up, full of happy expectation. On drew the dog, his eye cold and fixed, saliva dropping from his mouth, and his head and face, on which was an extraordinary expression of instinctive ferocity, outstretched to their utmost limit.

He was right under the minnow thorn now and up to his belly in warm, red grass. Where could the birds be? Whirr! and a great feathered shell seemed to have burst at his very feet. What a covert! twelve brace if there was a bird, and they had all been lying back to back in a space no bigger than a cartwheel. Up went John's gun and off too, a little sooner than it should have done. "Missed him clean!" Now then for the left barrel! Same result. There, we will draw a veil over the profanity that ensued. A minute later and it was all over, and John and Pontac were regarding each other with contempt and disgust.

"It was all you, you brute," said John to Pontac. "I thought you were going to run in, and you hurried me."

"Ugh!" said Pontac to John, or, at least, he looked it. "Ugh! you disgusting bad dog. What is the good of pointing for your life's end to make a dog sick?"

The cover—or rather the collection of old birds, for this kind of partridge sometimes "picks" just before the breeding season—had scattered all about the place, and it was not long before Pontac found some of them; and this time John got one bird—and a beautiful great partridge he was, too, with yellow legs—and missed another. Again Pontac pointed, and a brace rose. Bang! down goes one; bang! with the other barrel. Caught him, by Jove, just as he tapped the stone! Hullo! Pontac is still on the point. Slip in two more cartridges. Oh, a brace this time! bang! bang! and down came a brace of them—two brace of partridge without moving a yard.

Life has joys for all men, but it has, I verily believe, no joy to compare to the joy of the moderate shot and earnest sportsman when he has just killed half a dozen driving partridges without a miss, or ten rocketing pheasants with eleven cartridges, or, better still, a couple of woodcock right and left. By this time he was right across the mountain top and on the brink of the most remarkable chasm he had ever seen. The place was known as Lion's Kloof, or Leuw Kloof in Dutch, because three lions had once been penned up by a party of Boers and shot there. The chasm or gorge was between a quarter and half a mile long, about 600 feet in width and 120 to 180 feet deep. About 100 yards from the near end of the gorge, some ninety or more feet in height, stood the most remarkable of these mighty pillars, to which the remnants of Stoucheorge are but toys. It was formed of seven huge boulders, the largest, that at the bottom, about the size of a moderate cottage, and the smallest, that at the top, perhaps some eight or ten feet in diameter. These boulders were rounded like a cricket ball—scarcely rough the action of water—and yet the hand of nature had contrived to balance them, each one smaller than that beneath it, the one upon the other, and to keep them so. But this was not always the case. For instance, a very similar mass that had risen on the near side of the perfect pillar had fallen, all except the two bottom stones, and the boulders that went to form it lay scattered about like monstrous petrified cannon balls. One of these had split in two, and seated on it John discovered none other than Jess Croft, apparently engaged in sketching, looking very small and far off at the bottom of that vast chasm.

John got off his shooting pony, and looking about him perceived that it was possible to descend by following the course of the stream and clambering down the natural steps it had cut in the rocky bed. Throwing the reins over the pony's head, and leaving him with the dog Pontac to stand and look about him as South African shooting parties are accustomed to do, he put down his gun and game and proceeded to descend. As he drew near the bottom of the gorge he saw that the boulders of the gorge, however the stone was most, grow thousands upon thousands of white arum lilies, "pig lilies" they call them there, just now in full bloom. He had noticed these lilies from above, but there they had, owing to the distance, looked so small that he had taken them for everlasting or anemones. He could not see Jess now, for she was hidden by a bush that grows by the banks of the stream in South Africa in the long land, and which at certain seasons of the year is literally covered with masses of the most gorgeous scarlet bloom. His footsteps fell very softly on the moss and flowers, and when he got round the glorious looking bush it was evident that she had not heard him, for she was asleep. Her hat was off, but the bush shielded her, and her head had fallen forward over her sketching block and rested on her hand. A ray of light that came through the high arched opening of the gorge above, and threw warm shadows on her white face and the white wrist and hand on which it rested.

John stood opposite to her and looked at her, and the old curiosity to understand this feminine enigma took possession of him. Many a man before him has been the victim of a like desire, and lived to regret that he did not leave it ungratified. It is not well to try to lift the curtain of the unseen; it is not well to call to heaven to show its glory, or to tell to give us touch and knowledge of its yawning fires. Knowledge comes soon enough; many of us will say that knowledge has come too soon, and left us desolate. There is no bitterness like the bitterness of wisdom; so cried the great Kokoeth, and so hath cried many a son of man following blindly in his path. Let us be thankful for the dark places of the earth—places where we may find rest and shadow, and the heavy sweetness of the night. Seek not after mysteries. O son of man, be content with the practical and the proved and the broad light of the day; peep not, mutter not the words of awakening. Understand her who would be understood, and is comprehensible to those who run, and for the others let them be, lest your fate should be as the fate of Eve, and as the fate of Lucifer, star of the morning. For here and there is a human heart from which it is not wise to draw the veil—a heart in which many things slumber as undreamed

not the veil, whisper not the word of life in the silence where all things sleep, rest in the kindling breath of love and pain dim shapes arise, take form, and fright thee.

A minute or so might have been passed when suddenly, and with a little start, Jess opened her great eyes, on which the shadow of darkness lay, and gazed at him.

"Oh!" she said, with a little tremor, "is it you or is it my dream?"

"I'm not afraid," he answered, cheerily, "I'm in the flesh."

She covered her face with her hand for a moment, and then withdrew it, and he noticed that her eyes had changed curiously in that moment. They were still large and beautiful as they always were, but there was a change. Just now they had seemed as though her soul were looking through them. Doubtless it was because the pupils were enlarged by sleep.



"IS IT YOU, OR IS IT MY DREAM?"

"Your dream! What dream?" he asked, laughing.

"Never mind," she answered, in a quiet sort of way that excited his curiosity more than ever; "dreams are foolishness."

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORM BREAKS.

"Do you know you are a very old person, Miss Jess?" John said presently with a little laugh. "I don't think you can have a happy mind."

"She looked up. "A happy mind?" she said. "Who can have a happy mind? Nobody who can feel. Supposing," she went on after a pause—"supposing one puts one's self and one's own little interests and joys and sorrows quite away, how is it possible to be happy when one feels the breath of human misery beating on one's face and sees the great tide of sorrow and suffering creeping up to one's feet? One may be on a rock one's self and out of the path of it till the spring floods or the hurricane wave comes to sweep one away, or one may be afloat upon it; whichever it is, it is quite impossible, if one has any heart, to be indifferent to it."

"Then only the indifferent are happy?"

"Yes, the indifferent and the selfish; but, after all, it is the same thing; indifference is the perfection of selfishness."

"I am afraid that there must be lots of selfishness in the world, for there is certainly plenty of happiness, all evil things notwithstanding. I should have said that happiness comes from goodness and from a sound digestion."

Jess shook her head and answered, "I may be wrong, but I don't see how anybody who feels can be quite happy in a world of sickness, suffering, slaughter and death. I saw a Kaffir woman yesterday and her children crying over her. She was a poor creature and had a rough lot, but she loved her life and her children loved her. Who can be happy and thank God for his creation when he has just seen such a thing? But there, Capt. Niel, my ideas are very crude and I dare say very wrong, and everybody has thought them before; at any rate, I am not going to inflict them on you. What is the use of it?" she went on, with a laugh; "what is the use of anything? The same old thoughts passing through the same human minds from year to year and century to century, just as the same clouds float across the same blue sky. The clouds are born in the sky and the thoughts are born in the brain, and they both end in tears and rears in blinding, bewildering mist, and this is the beginning and end of thoughts and clouds. They arise out of the blue; they overshadow and break into storms and tears, and then they are drawn up with the blue again and the whole thing begins afresh."

"So you don't think that one can be happy in the world," he asked.

"I do not say that—I never said that. I do not think that happiness is possible. It is possible if one can love somebody so hard that one can quite forget one's self and everything else except that person, and it is possible if one can sacrifice one's self for others. There is no true happiness outside of love and self sacrifice, or rather outside of love, for it includes the other. That is gold, all the rest is dross."

"How do you know that?" he asked quickly.

"You have never been in love."

"No," she answered, "I have never been in love like that, but all the happiness I have had in my life has come to me from loving. I believe that love is the secret of the world; it is like the philosopher's stone they used to look for, and almost as hard to find, but when one finds it it turns everything to gold. Perhaps," she went on with a little laugh, "when the angels left the earth they left us love behind; that is why it is the one thing that lifts us above the brutes. Without love man is a brute, and nothing but a brute; with love he draws near to God. When everything else falls away the love will endure because it cannot die while there is any life, if it is true love, for it is immortal. Only it must be true—yes, so, it must be true."

He had got through her reserve now; the ice of her manner broke up beneath the warmth of her words, and her usually impassive face had caught the life and light from the eyes alone and acquired a certain beauty of its own. He looked at it, and realized something of the untaught and ill-regulated intensity and depth of the nature of this curious girl. He caught her eyes and they moved him strangely, though he was not an emotional man, and was too old to experience spasmodic thrills at the chance glance of a pretty woman. He went toward her, looking at her curiously.

"It would be worth living to be loved like

one does not answer, but she let her eyes rest on his. Indeed, she did more, for she put all her soul into them and gazed at him. John Niel felt as though he were being mesmerized. And as she did so there rose up in her breast a knowledge that if she willed it she could gain this man's heart and hold it against all the world, for her nature was stronger than his nature, and her mind, untrained as it was, encompassed his mind and could pass over it and beat it down as the wind beats down a tossing sea. All this she learned in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; she did not know how she knew it, but she did know it as surely as she knew that the blue sky stretched overhead, and what is more, he—for the moment, at any rate—knew it too. It came on her as a shock and a revelation, like the tidings of a great joy or grief, and for a moment let her heart empty of all things else.

She dropped her eyes suddenly.

"I think," she said, quietly, "that we have been talking a great deal of nonsense, and that I want to finish my sketch."

He got up and left her, for he had to get home, saying as he did so that he thought there was a storm coming up, the air was so quiet, and the wind had fallen as it does before an African tempest, and presently, on looking round, she saw him slowly climbing the precipitous ascent to the table land above. It was a glorious afternoon, such as one sometimes gets in the African spring, although it was so intensely still. Everywhere were the proofs and evidences of life. The winter was over, and now, from the softness and sterility of its withered age, spring young and lovely summer, clad in sunshine, bediamonded with dew and fragrant with the breath of flowers. Jess lay back and looked up into the infinite depths above. How thin they were, and how close one could not see the airy clouds that lay like visible omissions on the horizon. She saw, miles above her, was one tiny clouding speck. It was a volcano, watching her from its airy heights and descending a little to see if she were dead or only sleeping.

Involuntarily she shuddered. The bird of death reminded her of death itself, also, of laughing high up there in the blue and waiting his opportunity to fall upon the sleeper. It was a gloomy thought, but she was so happy, so full of life, so full of joy, that she was not more than four feet above her head, but she was so still and motionless that a jeweled honeyeater came and hovered over the flowers, darting from one to another like a many colored flash. Thence her glance traveled to the great column of boulders that towered up above her and that seemed to say, "I am very old. I have seen many springs and many winters, and I am looking down on many sleeping maidens, and where are they now? All dead—all dead!" and an old baboon in the rocks with starting suddenness looked out at all dead in answer.

And as she lay and heard, her youthful blood, drawn by nature's magnetic force, as the moon draws the tide, rose in her veins like the sap in the budding trees, and stirred her virgin ardor. All the bodily natural part of her caught the tones of nature's happy voice that had her hand in her hands, life and love, and a woman. And let the spirit within her answered to it and flung wide her bosom's doors, and of a sudden, as it were, something quickened and lived in her heart that was of her and yet had its own life—a life apart; something that sprang from her and another, and that would always be with her now and could never die; and she rose up and trembled, as a woman trembles at the first stirring of the child that she shall bear, and clung to the flowery bough of the beautiful bush above and then sank down again, feeling the spirit of her girlhood had departed from her, and that another angel had entered there; knew that she loved with heart and soul and body, and was a very woman.

She had called to Love as the wretched child to Death, and Love and come in his strength and possessed her utterly; and now for a little while she was afraid to pass into the shadow of his wings, as the wretched child call to Death fear him when they feel his fingers. But the fear passed, and the great voice that had been the consciousness of power of identity that the inspiration of a true passion gives to some strong, deep nature remained, and after a while she prepared to make her way home across the mountain top, feeling as though she were another woman. But still she did not go, but lay there with closed eyes and drank of this new intoxicating wine. So absorbed was she that she did not notice that the birds had ceased to call, and that the single bird had flown away for shelter. She was not aware of the great and solemn hush that had taken the place of the merry voice of beast and bird, and preceded the breaking of the gathered storm.

At last as she rose to go she opened her dark eyes, which had been for the most part shut, and while this great change was passing over her, and with a natural impulse turned to look once more on the place where her happiness had found her, and then sank down again with a little exclamation. Where was the light and the glory and all the happiness of the life that moved and grew around her? Gone, and in its place darkness and the rising mist and deep and ominous shadows. As she lay and thought, the sun had sunk behind the hill and left the great golf nearly dark, and, as is common in South Africa, the heavy storm cloud had crept across the blue sky and sealed up the light from above. A sky dark and ominous, and the lightning dropped began to fall one by one; the lightning dropped thickly in the belly of the advancing cloud. The storm that John had feared was upon her.

Then came a dreadful hush. Jess had recovered herself by now, and knowing what to expect, snatched up her sketching block and hurried into the shelter of a little cave hollowed by water in the side of the cliff. And then with a rush of Jess cold as the tempest burst. Down came the rain in a sheet, and then flash upon flash gleaming fiercely through the vapor laden air, and roar upon roar echoing in the rocky cavities in volumes of fearful sound. Then another pause and space of utter silence, followed by a blaze of light that dazzled and blinded her, and suddenly one of the piled up columns to her left swayed to and fro like a poplar in a breeze, and fell headlong with a crash that almost mated the cracking of the balloons scared from their crannies in the cliff. Through it Jess, scared and wet to the skin, managed to climb up the natural steps, now made almost impassable by the prevailing gloom and the rush of the water from the table top of the mountain, and so on across the rocky path on the

rocky path planted at its corner, in a warm stranger who had died at Moorfontein by a bullet, and so, just as the darkness of the wet night came down like a cloak, home at last. At the back door stood her old home with a lantern.

"Is that you, Jess?" he called out in his stentorian tones. "Lord! what a sight!" she emerged, her sudden dress clinging to her slight form, her hands trembling with clambering over the rocks, her curling hair, which had broken loose, hanging down her back and half covering her face.

"Lord, what a sight!" he ejaculated again. "Why, Jess, where have you been? Capt. Niel has gone out to look for you with the Kaffirs."

"I have been sketching in Leuw Kloof, and got caught in the storm. There, make me pass. I want to get these wet things off. It is a bitter night," and off she ran to her room, leaving a long trail of water behind her as she passed. The old man entered the house, shut the door and blew out the lantern.

"Now, what is it she reminds me of?" he said aloud, as he groped his way down the passage to the sitting room. "Ah, I know, that night when she first came here out of the rain leading Bessie by the hand. What a girl! she had been thinking of, not to mention thunder coming up! She ought to know the signs of the weather here by now. Doubtless, I suppose, dreaming. She's an old woman, Jess, very. Perhaps he did not quite know how accurate his guess was and how true the conclusion he drew from it. Certainly she had been dreaming, and she was an old woman."

Meanwhile Jess was rapidly changing her clothes and removing the traces of her struggle with the elements. But of that one struggle that she had gone through she could not remove the traces. They and the rest that arose from it would adhere as long as she lived. It was her former self that had been cast off in it and that now lay behind her, an empty and meaningless thing like the shapeless pile of garments. It was all very strange. So he had gone to look for her, and had not found her. She was glad that it had gone. It made her happy to think of his searching and calling in the wet and the night. She was only a woman, and it was natural that she should feel thus. It was not more than four feet above her head, but she was so still and motionless that a jeweled honeyeater came and hovered over the flowers, darting from one to another like a many colored flash. Thence her glance traveled to the great column of boulders that towered up above her and that seemed to say, "I am very old. I have seen many springs and many winters, and I am looking down on many sleeping maidens, and where are they now? All dead—all dead!" and an old baboon in the rocks with starting suddenness looked out at all dead in answer.

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"I have been sketching in Leuw Kloof, and got caught in the storm. There, make me pass. I want to get these wet things off. It is a bitter night," and off she ran to her room, leaving a long trail of water behind her as she passed. The old man entered the house, shut the door and blew out the lantern.

"Now, what is it she reminds me of?" he said aloud, as he groped his way down the passage to the sitting room. "Ah, I know, that night when she first came here out of the rain leading Bessie by the hand. What a girl! she had been thinking of, not to mention thunder coming up! She ought to know the signs of the weather here by now. Doubtless, I suppose, dreaming. She's an old woman, Jess, very. Perhaps he did not quite know how accurate his guess was and how true the conclusion he drew from it. Certainly she had been dreaming, and she was an old woman."

Meanwhile Jess was rapidly changing her clothes and removing the traces of her struggle with the elements. But of that one struggle that she had gone through she could not remove the traces. They and the rest that arose from it would adhere as long as she lived. It was her former self that had been cast off in it and that now lay behind her, an empty and meaningless thing like the shapeless pile of garments. It was all very strange. So he had gone to look for her, and had not found her. She was glad that it had gone. It made her happy to think of his searching and calling in the wet and the night. She was only a woman, and it was natural that she should feel thus. It was not more than four feet above her head, but she was so still and motionless that a jeweled honeyeater came and hovered over the flowers, darting from one to another like a many colored flash. Thence her glance traveled to the great column of boulders that towered up above her and that seemed to say, "I am very old. I have seen many springs and many winters, and I am looking down on many sleeping maidens, and where are they now? All dead—all dead!" and an old baboon in the rocks with starting suddenness looked out at all dead in answer.

And as she lay and heard, her youthful blood, drawn by nature's magnetic force, as the moon draws the tide, rose in her veins like the sap in the budding trees, and stirred her virgin ardor. All the bodily natural part of her caught the tones of nature's happy voice that had her hand in her hands, life and love, and a woman. And let the spirit within her answered to it and flung wide her bosom's doors, and of a sudden, as it were, something quickened and lived in her heart that was of her and yet had its own life—a life apart; something that sprang from her and another, and that would always be with her now and could never die; and she rose up and trembled, as a woman trembles at the first stirring of the child that she shall bear, and clung to the flowery bough of the beautiful bush above and then sank down again, feeling the spirit of her girlhood had departed from her, and that another angel had entered there; knew that she loved with heart and soul and body, and was a very woman.

She had called to Love as the wretched child to Death, and Love and come in his strength and possessed her utterly; and now for a little while she was afraid to pass into the shadow of his wings, as the wretched child call to Death fear him when they feel his fingers. But the fear passed, and the great voice that had been the consciousness of power of identity that the inspiration of a true passion gives to some strong, deep nature remained, and after a while she prepared to make her way home across the mountain top, feeling as though she were another woman. But still she did not go, but lay there with closed eyes and drank of this new intoxicating wine. So absorbed was she that she did not notice that the birds had ceased to call, and that the single bird had flown away for shelter. She was not aware of the great and solemn hush that had taken the place of the merry voice of beast and bird, and preceded the breaking of the gathered storm.

At last as she rose to go she opened her dark eyes, which had been for the most part shut, and while this great change was passing over her, and with a natural impulse turned to look once more on the place where her happiness had found her, and then sank down again with a little exclamation. Where was the light and the glory and all the happiness of the life that moved and grew around her? Gone, and in its place darkness and the rising mist and deep and ominous shadows. As she lay and thought, the sun had sunk behind the hill and left the great golf nearly dark, and, as is common in South Africa, the heavy storm cloud had crept across the blue sky and sealed up the light from above. A sky dark and ominous, and the lightning dropped began to fall one by one; the lightning dropped thickly in the belly of the advancing cloud. The storm that John had feared was upon her.

Then came a dreadful hush. Jess had recovered herself by now, and knowing what to expect, snatched up her sketching block and hurried into the shelter of a little cave hollowed by water in the side of the cliff. And then with a rush of Jess cold as the tempest burst. Down came the rain in a sheet, and then flash upon flash gleaming fiercely through the vapor laden air, and roar upon roar echoing in the rocky cavities in volumes of fearful sound. Then another pause and space of utter silence, followed by a blaze of light that dazzled and blinded her, and suddenly one of the piled up columns to her left swayed to and fro like a poplar in a breeze, and fell headlong with a crash that almost mated the cracking of the balloons scared from their crannies in the cliff. Through it Jess, scared and wet to the skin, managed to climb up the natural steps, now made almost impassable by the prevailing gloom and the rush of the water from the table top of the mountain, and so on across the rocky path on the

rocky path planted at its corner, in a warm stranger who had died at Moorfontein by a bullet, and so, just as the darkness of the wet night came down like a cloak, home at last. At the back door stood her old home with a lantern.

"Is that you, Jess?" he called out in his stentorian tones. "Lord! what a sight!" she emerged, her sudden dress clinging to her slight form, her hands trembling with clambering over the rocks, her curling hair, which had broken loose, hanging down her back and half covering her face.